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"J.A. MITCHELL"

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES.

Teacher (to Sunday-school Class): "NOW, BOYS, IN PLACING YOUR OFFERINGS ON THE PLATE, I WANT EACH TO RECITE SOME APPROPRIATE VERSE."

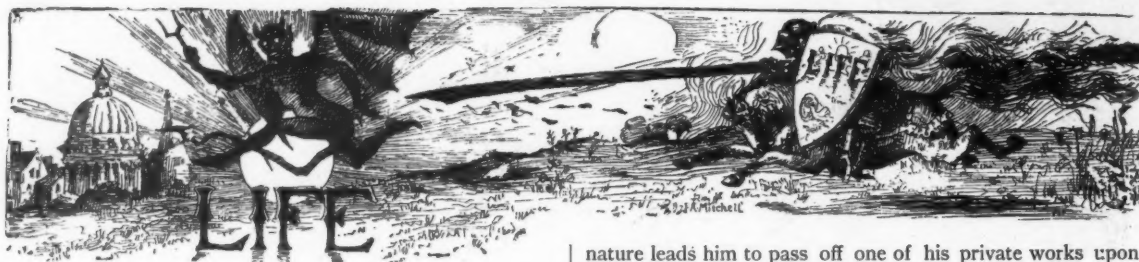
Stephen (placing a penny on the plate): "HE THAT GIVETH TO THE POOR LENDETH TO THE LORD."

John: "GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER."

Teacher: "VERY GOOD." (To the next boy, who is inclined to keep his penny): "COME, THOMAS, WHY DO YOU HESITATE? SPEAK LOUD, SO THAT ALL MAY HEAR."

Thomas (reluctantly): "A—A FOOL AND HIS MONEY ARE SOON PARTED."

AMERICANVS
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VOL. VI. AUGUST 20TH, 1885. NO. 138.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 50 cents per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV. and V. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE Austrian Government has at last decided that Keiley's room is preferable to his company, and if all we hear of this wanderer upon the face of the earth be true, the Austrian Government is a Government of sense.

It is debatable whether the disgrace attached to this rebuff belongs to Keiley or the authorities at Washington, but we are inclined to believe that our State Department must bear the chief burden thereof, and we hail with joy the announcement that Mr. Bayard has finally made up his mind to stand on his dignity in the matter. We had supposed, from the fact of his making such an appointment, that the Secretary had lost sight of that desirable adjunct to his office, and we trust that, while using it as a pedestal, he will remember that he has by no means a corner in that material, and that decency requires that he shall not trample upon but respect the feelings of others.

WHEN a German newspaper remarked, *apropos* of General Grant's death, "that he was superior to his country," we were disposed to dispute the truth of the assertion.

Now, however, that we see by what petty spite and small jealousies great cities are actuated in their refusal to join in a National Memorial to a National Hero, we feel that after all the German's insight into and estimate of our National character were deeper and more truthful than we had supposed.

COMMISSIONER TENNYSON and Baron Squire are a much abused pair beyond a doubt. Their poetry criticised not upon its merits, but for its politics, and their own worthy selves summarily sat upon by the press of two lands.

Verily they are in hard lines.

AND yet they are somewhat to blame. Mr. Squire's duties in the Department of Public Works do not require that he shall be a poet, and the people of this Republican city naturally resent the efforts of a Commissioner whose overweening sense of the Bostonian in his

nature leads him to pass off one of his private works upon them under a false guise.

On the other hand, Baron Tennyson, Chief Lord of Her Majesty's Rhymester, and Knight of the Triolet, has most unfortunately given way to his love for the marvellous. His You-You poem capped the climax, and his "Two Suns to a Single Day" lines to Beatrice, maddening in this hot weather, simply toppled it over upon him. But poets are rarely wise. In fact, a great essayist has said: "No person can be a poet without a certain unsoundness of mind," and so we cannot be harsh to these two worthies.

IF madness makes the poet, what a laureate has Mayor Grace given us in Squire!

THE visiting organizations in the Grant funeral procession, when compared with the militia of our own State, lead us to believe that in the event of a war between New York and Massachusetts, our home regiments would have to look to their laurels.

If these two States should get into an embroglio and Connecticut should be used as a battle ground, the First Massachusetts and Seventh N. G. S. N. Y. would pretty thoroughly plough up the State of Wooden Nutmegs.

LAST summer Mr. Ferdinand Ward, the genial deputy manager of the Ludlow Street Home for Indigent Debtors, was a frequent visitor at the delectable Casino, where he drank in the delicious airs of comic opera, while absorbing the cooling draughts of the well-known McCaull cocktail. Unfortunately for his comfort and the Sheriff's Perquisite Fund however, stern hearted justice nipped Mr. Ward's little recreation in the bud, and Mahomet no longer goes to the mountain.

How appropriate, therefore, that the mountain should come to Mahomet!

In the incarceration of the great American adaptor, Rosenfeld, may be seen a singular dispensation of Providence, and it will not be surprising if some fanatical minds having this in mind should hail the little Napoleon of finance as a second Mahdi.

OUR highly esteemed Weakly Illustrated contemporary, the *World*, may have a special license to print alleged portraits of prominent New Yorkers, and alter their expressions to suit its artist's convenience, but the license should be revoked when it publishes a wretchedly drawn lemonade stand and labels it, "The Catafalque, Drawn by Twenty-four Horses."



AN INCONSIDERATE PROPOSITION.

Nurse: MR. S., SHALL I TAKE THE BABY OVER TO MRS. S.? THE POOR LITTLE THING SEEMS QUITE SICK.
Mr. S.: BY NO MEANS; SHE MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED. TAKE IT INTO THE HOUSE. I WILL BE IN AT ONCE.



A PLEA.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. CLEVELAND IN THE
HOPE OF RELIEF.

By R-ll-n Milton Sq-re, D. P. W.

NOW the man who runs the weather
In the Government employ,
Gives us eighteen carat summer—
Summer minus all alloy;
And from out the signal station
Comes the news that, if we wait,
There 'll be cooler weather coming—
Coming on in wavy state.

And we wait! And still are waiting
For the wave to strike our clime;
While with torpor we are suff'ring—
Suff'ring all the live long time.
Still no signs of cooling breezes,
Nor a symptom of a fall
In the temperature that 's over—
Overpowering to us all.

Now, if we were Mr. Cleveland,
Ruling o'er this frizzled land,
We 'd be—well, we would be—
Would be darned if we would stand
All this fooling with the people;
And we 'd use a million feet*
To remove that merry agent—
Agent of the King of Heat.

And we hope that soon the news 'll
To this country be announced,
That this manager of summer
Summar-illy has been bounced.
And for grounds for this removal
LIFE suggests he 's 'neath the ban
That is placed on the offensive—
The *Offensive* Partisan.

* By special permission of H. R. H. Mrs. Saxe-Coburg.

POEMS on Rev. Dr. Newman should be written in the
I-Am-bic metre.

A NEW Southern illustrated magazine is to be known as
Dixie.

If it is anything like its namesake in New York its success
is assured.

DAVID DICKSON, of Georgia, is called a "millionaire
planter" by a newspaper.

Mr. Gould should paste this in his hat. He may need his
services the next time he fools with election returns.

* * *

L IEUT. HENN, the owner of the British yacht *Galatea*,
is another aspirant for the *America's* cup.

Mother Cary ought to be of service to him.

* * *

THE *Insurance Chronicle* has made several glaring
omissions in its tabulated statement of the causes of
suicide in the last year.

No mention is made of the 742 farmers who took poison
after reading the *Tribune*.

* * *

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.



CRAB-BED AGE AND YOUTH CANNOT LIVE TOGETHER.
—*Passionate Pilgrim*.

* * *

K EILEY has decided to come home.

It would be rough if he was stopped by the Castle
Garden authorities and sent back to Europe again, under the
Pauper Act.

* * *

I F Mr. Bayard can keep the Great Rejected going, who
shall say that the Kciley Motor is not a brilliant success.



SUMMER

At a Fashionable Resort.

THEY DO THIS ALL DAY. HOW REFRESHED THEY WILL BE AFTER THEIR STAY IN THE COUNTRY. THEY LOVE THIS SIMPLE, OUT-OF-DOOR LIFE, WITH PLENTY OF EXERCISE. THEY ARE NEW YORKERS.

SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

III.

LONG BRANCH.

THE SAUNTERER suffered so much exposure in New York subsequent to his Saratoga trip that for prudential reasons he departed, as soon as was practicable, for Long Branch, having in the meantime substantiated his claim beyond the possibility of a doubt to Israelitish ancestry. The seventeen hundredth generation, in a direct line back, of the Harcourt family were heirs to a considerable acreage in the Promised Land; but, having failed to maintain that solidity with Joshua that characterized the family's relations with Moses, the Harcourt share was distributed among more favored followers, and is now occupied by neighbors of the late Mahdi. The SAUNTERER would like to lay claim to his ancestral domain, but he unfortunately comes under the category of offensive partisans, and his chances are therefore null and void. The present inhabitants resent any attempt to introduce occidental customs there, and the SAUNTERER's family, having dwelt in New York from the time of the Knickerbockers, have become so used to traditional habits of life that to set up as a gentleman in Jerusalem in the true Oriental style would involve too much trouble, expense, and a very wearing variety of mother-in-law.

DOUBT.

PERPLEXITY 'S a state that 's absolutely tiring!
Suppose a case: Two maids of beauty rare,
Both charming, modest—brilliant yet retiring—
In fact the very girls for an aspiring Youth like me. Yet tho' a deal I care
About them both, I'm hanged if I'm contented
To judge between them, since they've both consented!
For if it's true that Mary's purse is lighter
Than Anna's head,—then Mary's poor, indeed!
And if, again, Ann's shekels are still brighter
Than Mary's eyes, they need a greater writer
Than I, their tempting brilliancy to plead.
When I shall find the great desideratum,
Lucre or love shall be my ultimatum.

W. S. Case.

With papers proving the identity of his family as the above, it may be readily believed that the SAUNTERER's reception at this popular seaside resort was flattering to a degree; and although a convert to the modern, revised version of Christianity, he was made perfectly at home at a hotel where it is tacitly understood and firmly enforced that no Gentile need apply. Gentility is at a discount at Long Branch.

The Misses Oppenheimer, of New York, gave a German on Thursday evening which was led by Mr. Ikey Solomons, of the great clothing house on the Bowery. The favors were very handsome and unique, the ladies receiving pawn tickets which, upon presentation at the supper-room, entitled the bearer to a plate of ice cream, and the gentlemen getting little cigarette cases with the words "50% off for cash" embroidered on the covers in old-gold letters.

Sacred concerts are given at the hotels every Saturday morning which are very popular with the guests; the drawing card at most of the concerts being the concerted arrangement of "Pharaoh's Daughter on the Bank, Little Moses in the Pool."

Speaking of Pharaoh's daughter reminds your correspondent of a significant fact. The celebrated Pharaoh Banking Institute here has been forced to suspend payment so strong is the inherent prejudice of the race against the eminent Brick Merchant.

After Synagogue on Saturdays the drive is crowded with very stylish turnouts, and the walks alongside are thronged with promenaders. There was considerable excitement on the Plaza last Saturday morning as a gentleman with an aquiline nose was found to have penetrated these sacred precincts. He was very roughly handled, and given twenty-four hours to get out of town, twenty-three of which were knocked off by the Judge to give the prisoner all the benefits of a trade discount.

The SAUNTERER was dined on Saturday evening by the Hon. Abraham Levi, at his residence on the Beach. The dinner was most charming indeed, although the caterer, a man from New York, and not a very devout Jew, committed a very grave mistake. Chicken sandwiches had been ordered, but on the way down they were mixed in with the banquet of a Gentile Pic-nic bound for Asbury Park, and when served at the Levi dinner were ham pure and simple, and Mrs. Levi fainted on the spot.

The after-dinner speeches at the dinner were capital—Mr. Isaacs responding for "Beeznis" in his happiest vein.

A novel entertainment at the East End is an Auction Sale of Damaged Goods, done up in parcels, which are knocked down to the lowest bidder. Considerable merriment was aroused by the aged Mr. Kingsheimer, who bid in the Sea Serpent unwittingly for a cent a thousand. Mr. Kingsheimer was inclined to be indignant at first, because after paying his cent and getting an order for one sea serpent, he could not get his change back, and remarked that "he woultent mint de oudlay oof dot mooch kapital oof de Serpind vas oony tamaged. Put to py in an artigle dot effery poty knows is pogas ant not chenuvine, it vas a oudraitichus svindle."

A law suit has grown out of a bather's accident and a subsequent bet. A gentleman from Boston got beyond his depth in swimming last week, and Mr. Solomons and Mr. Isaacs, who were standing on the beach, made a bet of five dollars, the one that he would drown and the other that he would not. Mr. Solomons based his bet on the ground that, a Bostonian never really gets beyond his depth and Mr. Isaacs feeling assured by the man's struggles that he was near the end. Mr. Moses held the stakes. The Bostonian's cries attracted the attention of the life savers and he was rescued, whereupon Mr. Moses paid the ten dollars to Mr. Solomons.

Mr. Isaacs has brought suit against the life savers for damages, and has worked up quite a virtuous indignation against them in the community for their interference.

Your correspondent, at the urgent solicitation of the Board of Vestrymen of Asbury Park, is to spend a day in those delightful precincts next week, and to tide him over the twenty-four hours there has laid out a round of enjoyment, with a party of friends, for the next few days such as will incapacitate him for any more work this week.

Mr. Koppenheim, the famous bankrupt, reached here last evening and was fêted and congratulated by his friends on his settlement with his creditors for two cents on the dollar. He has managed to save three millions from the wreck and will settle here in his newly purchased villa.

Cholmondeley Harcourt.

IN SUMMER.

THE twilight deepened into gloom,
A slender moon slipped up the sky,
And thro' the threads of swinging bloom
Peered down into the silent room,
Where we two loitered—she and I.

Lightly the breeze blew in and stirred
The red-gold tangles of her hair,
And in the distant copse we heard
The cry of some belated bird,
Blown softly out upon the air.

Some spell was on us, strange and sweet,
Too strange for words, too sweet for tears,
Our trembling glances dared not meet,
For in our heart there throbbed and beat
A sudden host of hopes and fears.

And so we sat, apart, alone,
With cheeks that burned we knew not why,
Nor guessed that as the hour flew on
A flash of wings had come and gone,
And Love himself had passed us by.

M. E. W.



A NOVEL OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

IT is nearly thirty years since John Esten Cooke wrote "The Virginia Comedians," and he still delights us with tales, sketches and historical work. His quaint and beautiful, half-imaginary narrative of "My Lady Pokahontas," and his picturesque and instructive history of "Virginia," in the Commonwealth Series, will be recalled as recent examples of his industry and skill.

That his constructive powers have not declined is shown by his latest novel, "The Maurice Mystery," (D. Appleton & Co.). Here is a story of the good old kind—a tangled plot, murder, intrigue, revenge, the triumph of justice, an unexpected denouement and marriage bells. With all this it is not a disagreeably sensational book, not unhealthy or inartistic, but very entertaining.

* * *

IN reading the modern novel you are never seized with the uncontrollable desire to peep at the closing pages and relieve your excited curiosity. Our cool-headed anatomists never employ such inelegant methods.

"The Maurice Mystery" is, however, of the earlier school, and many a wearied man will frankly admit that he is glad of it; that he feels a score of years younger, while his heart is beating excitedly over the unsolved mystery, and that the days of his youth come back to him with the improbable imaginings of pure romance.

THERE are many pages of tediously minute dialogue, which, however, have generally an important bearing on the plot, and are legally essential to its development. The love-making is entirely subordinated to the solution of the mysterious crime.

And yet Miss Cary Maurice is a very lovable Southern girl, and does much to relieve the pervading gloom. Like most lovable Southern girls she seldom says anything worth remembering. Even that is a relief from the affected smartness of many Northern heroines.

The decline in the rate of matrimony at the North can probably, in the last analysis, be traced to the ideas of feminine volubility and sarcasm, which our young men absorb from Boston novels.

They do not want anybody as a perpetual companion who can talk back in that way.

NOTES.—"The Rise of Silas Lapham" has been substantially printed in a volume of 500 pages, by Ticknor & Co. This new firm announces a fine list of American works for publication, and certainly deserves an honorable success.

Droch.

THE August number of the *Century Magazine* is one of the most interesting issues we have had for some time. Mr. Howells, in addition to his charming Florentine sketches, gives us the concluding chapters of "Silas Lapham's Rise." Silas manages to get there in better style, perhaps, than his brothers and sisters in the author's fancy, so charmingly depicted in the Elevator sketch.

The war articles, in spite of the fact that they become more and more prolific every month, are as interesting as ever.

In this connection we may say that the readers of the enterprising New York daily papers must not lend too ready a belief to the slurs upon the *Century* in regard to its relations with General Grant, which, even under the most trying circumstances, were of the pleasantest.

We assume, however, that regular readers of the papers above referred to are aware that their mean spirited paragraphs, concerning a flourishing institution, are as often actuated by malicious envy as their pleasant paragraphs are actuated by the comforting presence of patronage, either in money or business.

A BIG DIAMOND—The base-ball field.



COMBINATION No. 14.

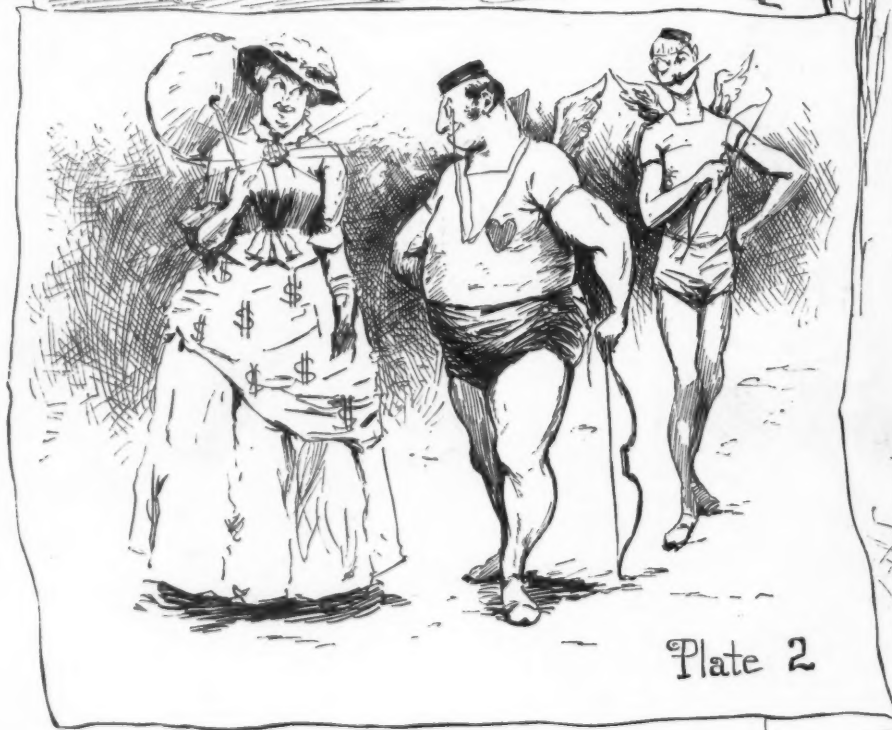


Plate 3



Plate 4



Plate 5



Plate 6



Plate 8



Plate 7



A POOR YOUNG MAN TO HIS GIRL.

A JEWEL rare are you, dear Anne,
But can you use a frying pan?
Or get a meal for a hungry man?
O, I will wed you if you can,
Sweet Anne!

Your dainty fingers wield a fan,
But can they wash a pot or pan?
Sweep, bake and brew? O, if they can
I am, in truth, the very man,
Sweet Anne!

You work in Kensington, fair Anne,
Play, sing and dance, but if you can
Well mend my pants, none other than
Myself can worship like this man,
Sweet Anne!

THE PIC-NIC AT BIG SPRING.

(Account taken from the *Jeffersonian Commonwealth*, published at Big Spring.)

"THE whole affair was a magnificent success. Our beautiful suburb wore its holiday attire, and the soft eyes of the fair demoiselles vied with the cerulean azure of the deep blue sky. Only a few trifling accidents marred the harmonious symmetry and opulent richness of the memorable occasion. The exquisite Mr. Alpheus Armitage, who has just made his *début* in society, unfortunately broke his leg while dancing a polka with Miss Peggy Tomlinson. Mr. Armitage weighs 110 pounds with a brick in his pocket, while Miss Peggy weighs 200 in her bathing suit. Mr. Tom Atkins, the dude, stepped in some blackberry jam, slipped down and sprained his neck. He was afterwards bitten by a black ant, and soon fainted from loss of blood. Billy Watkins unluckily sat down on Miss Perkins's pet cat, and was so shocked and mortified that he has been standing up ever since. Mr. Alfonso Sebastien, the local poet, took off his coat to get cool, but the valetudinarian state of his trousers compelled him to replace it with undignified haste. Tom Allen got one leg into a cray-fish hole and then fell over into a saucer of raspberries. When he got up his white pants looked like the celebrated campaign bloody shirt. Johnny Talbot had saturated his hair and whiskers with kerosene oil to keep off mosquitoes. He was not molested by insects, but found it very difficult to secure partners for the dance. Pete Wilson, who is quite deaf and very sensitive about it, attended. When Pete does n't hear what is said in conversation, he will guess at it rather than ask one to repeat it. At the picnic Mrs. Perkins told him about her sister's death, when Pete, failing to catch her meaning and making a wrong guess, fell on the ground in a paroxysm of merriment, and laughed till he was exhausted. There was an abounding flow of good humor and lemonade, and everything passed off splendidly."

J. A. M.

MR. JAMES'S METHOD.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, in a lecture before the Concord School of Philosophy, said of Henry James's method, that it is minute and mean and does immense damage to character.—*N. Y. Commercial*.

PROPOS of the above the Rochester *Union* remarks:
Mr. James's method may be minute and mean, but it is hard to see how it damages character. The persons that figure in his books are fictitious, and of course it is not of vital consequence whether their characters receive detriment at his hands or not. As for Mr. James's readers, it must be recognized that the process of getting through any of his later novels necessitates the possession of patient, plodding endurance and self-control, qualities, the exercise of which ought rather to elevate than debase the moral tone. The conclusion is inevitable that either the accomplished Boston lady has not read Mr. James's recent works, or that she is indulging the Concord philosophers in what is known to the vulgar as "guff."

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE COCK AND THE HAWK.

A YOUNG Cock who had won his spurs by reckless bravery in defense of his weaker companions, was much annoyed by a Hawk who came each day to a field near by, and calling him an "old rooster," offered to fight. At last he jumped the fence and rushed at his impudent foe, while his family hurried up, to "see Pop knock the stuffin' out of that Hawk."

The latter waited until "Pop" was within a few feet, when he sprang over his head, and pouncing on his helpless children, flew off, with a yell of derision and a Spring chicken.

MORAL: A wasp in the garret is worth two in the trouser leg.

THE FARMER AND HIS SONS.

A FARMER, desiring to teach his Sons a certain truth, led them into the woods, and having cut a large number of switches, he tied them together and belabored the Sons over the shoulders with the bundle, but did not inflict much pain. But when he untied the bundle and used one switch at a time on the boys, he made them dance and yelp with pain.

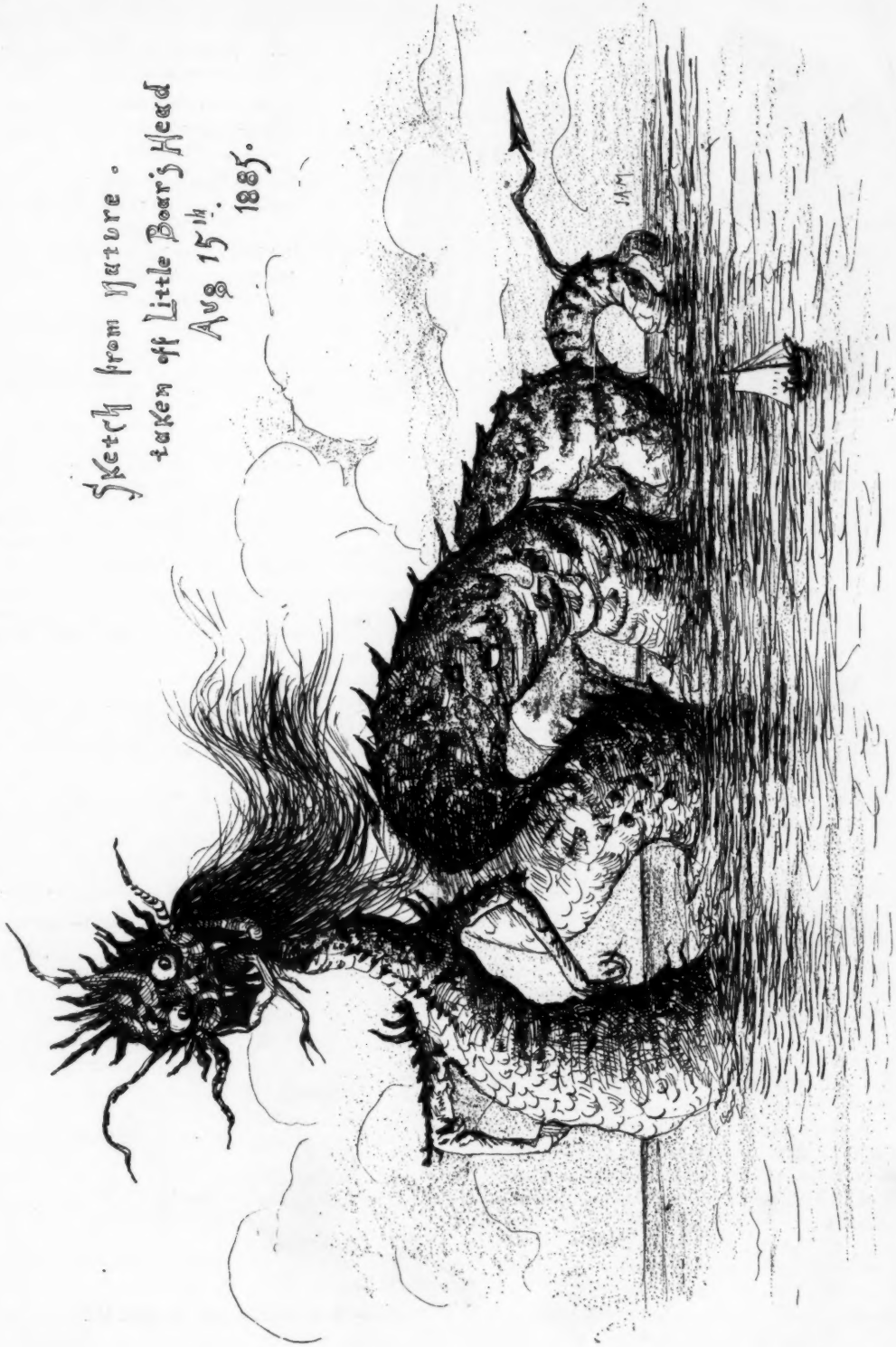
MORAL: This Fable teaches that separation is often a source of power and energy; that nations should avoid entangling alliances; that one man can thread a needle better than a dozen; and that an elephant would not be likely to succeed in running a soda fountain.

OUR SEA SERPENT.

WE are happy in being able to set at rest forever all doubts concerning the existence of this monster. Other navigators have taken more or less pride in their serpentine discoveries, and we modestly believe the above reptile will not be at the bottom of the list.

P. S.—The occupants of the boat were President Cleveland, Queen Victoria, J. L. Sullivan and the Editor of LIFE.

Sketch from Nature.
taken off Little Bear's Head
Aug 15th. 1885.



OUR SEA SERPENT



THE MUSHROOM SEASON.

(Melbourne Punch.)

I PRAY YOU, SIR, MAKE ME A WHOLESOME ANSWER.—*Hamlet.*

He: OH! I SAY, SIS, HERE'S A WHOPPING TOADSTOOL.

She: HOW CAN YOU TELL A MUSHROOM FROM A TOADSTOOL, DEAR?

He: EAT IT. IF YOU LIVE IT'S A MUSHROOM, IF YOU DIE IT'S A TOADSTOOL.

STYLES FOR AUGUST.

LIFE'S special fashion plater, noting the long felt want of both young and old for light and airy summer costumes, has prepared a series of designs which cannot fail to meet with favor, and which are submitted for popular approval this week.

Especially has this want been noticeable among the colored gentry who wait upon the table at Saratoga hotels. The accepted costume of the period is too cumbrous to admit of any great celerity or grace of movement in the filling of orders. The Zulu Skirt Waist, as shown in Plate 1, it is believed will obviate any difficulty in "getting there," and will give ample scope for the pedestriatory powers of the most facile footed Ethiopian at the Springs.

In Plate 2 will be seen a very sensible suggestion for archery uniforms for both sexes, and that the recommendation will suit the obese as well as the lean the cut will show at a glance.

The fashionable young oarsmen from our renowned colleges of rowing have heretofore had to hide their beautifully formed biceps and fine swelling chests beneath unsympathetic coat-sleeves and immaculate shirt fronts. That this has been a galling restraint to them has been evident in more cases than one, and the artist has devised the costume of Plate 3 with the view of giving these young men a chance to expose their hidden beauties.

Plates 4 and 5 will interest the lovers of sport, the polo costume being equally applicable to bowling or foot-ball. The inverted pockets of the racing-suit and the eye protectors in connection thereof will prove valuable to the fre-

ADRIFT.

THREE dainty damosels of late
Have made my apt heart palpitate
More quickly,
Sweet Lulu, Rose and fair Annette;
The fancies came for each dear pet
So thickly.

Rose waltzes like a little fay;
Annette has royal blood, they say,
A Stewart;
But love's light breeze is rising now
And turns my heart's long wavering prow
To Lu-ward.

John S. Phillips.

THE Times of August 13th contains the following:

NOT DEAD BUT SPEECHLESS.

"Is he dead?" was the inquiry made about an Irishman who, in company with a hod of bricks, had fallen to the bottom of the ladder. "O'i'm not dead," explained the injured man, feebly, "but o'i'm knocked spachless."

Isn't it rather early in the season to begin gathering chestnuts?

quenters of Monmouth Park. The inverted pockets, especially, acting in a double capacity of warding off borrowers and puzzling pickpockets.

Bald headed men will wear but one hair this summer, the effect of which can be seen by a glance at Plate 6, and for dinner wear we strenuously recommend Plate 8 as being both serviceable and fashionable.

For a tennis dress Plate 7 will recommend itself at once to the reader, and will doubtless prove the most popular style of the season. It is light and airy, giving a certain chicness to the figure. It comes rather high, but in a wealthy community this may not be regarded as a fault.



AN ECHO OF PASSION.



MUSICAL AMATEUR (to Irish fiddler): "My good friend, do you play by note?"
 Irish Fiddler: "Divil a note, sor."
 M. A.: "Do you play by ear, then?"
 I. F.: "Divil an ear, your honor."
 M. A.: "How do you play, then?"
 I. F.: "By main stringth, be jabbers! and it's moighty dry wor-r-k!"—*Judy*.

OLD MAN (to daughter): "Young Mr. S. paid you a fine compliment last evening, my dear."
Daughter (delighted): "What was it, papa?"
Old Man: "He said you were a very intelligent young lady."
Daughter (disappointed): "O, pshaw! I told mamma I would look like a fright in the brown dress, but she insisted on my wearing it."—*New York Sun*.

GIRL: "I will look at your hammocks, please."
Dealer: "Yes, Miss. Now, there is something nice. Not expensive, but at the same time pretty and strong."
Girl: "It does n't look very strong."
Dealer: "I will guarantee it to sustain a weight of 300 pounds, Miss."
Girl: "Let me see; 120 and 165 would be just 285—very well. I will take that one."—*New York Times*.

"**BOBBY**," said the minister at the dinner-table, "what do you expect to do when you grow up?"
 "I'll be a minister, I think."
 "That 's a laudable ambition, indeed, Bobby. Do you think you will like to be a minister?"
 "O, yes," Bobby replied. "Pa says you 've got the softest job in town."—*New York Sun*.

"**BLOOD** relations mean near relations," said Widow Coshan-nigan to her boy.
 "Well, then, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got."
 —*Ex*.

THE representative to the legislature from Calabash County struck his favorite attitude, glared upon the House, and, in low, deep tones of much deliberation, said, with great emphasis: "For what did my constituents send me here?" And then he glared again, brought down his brows and repeated in a voice of thunder, as he looked straight at the member from Blossom County: "For what did my constituents send me here?" Taking this as a direct appeal to him for important information, the little man in the baggy pantaloons jumped to his feet, and, with his right hand pointing to the zenith, said, in tones of great earnestness: "God Almighty only knows!"—*Argonaut Storyette*.

WHAT CAUSED THE TROUBLE.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" was the question put to an unhappy looking specimen of humanity. "Oh, my domestic relations are all right," was the reply; "it is my wife's relations that are causing the trouble."—*Ex*.

HENRY HOLT & CO.

Published this day by arrange-
 ment with the author's
 representatives

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BY

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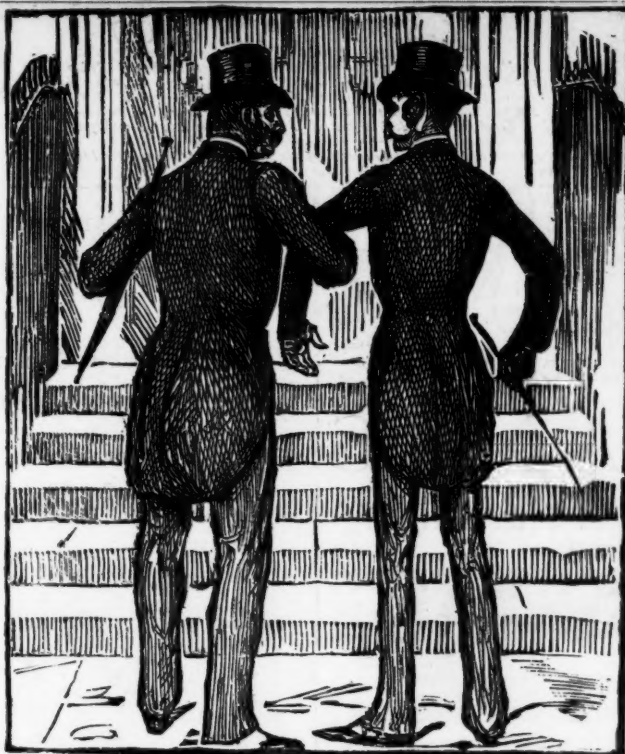
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